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SONS OF THE REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 1.)

from the track of the terrible enemy. The Minister in Stockbridge wrote, "We are greatly burdened with people who have fled from the New Hampshire Grants, almost down to the Connecticut line." Picture the scenes which were on all sides in the beautiful Housatonic Valley. Frightened mothers with tender children, grim men, struggling between love for their helpless families, a sense of duty to the country and the strong desire to fight and save the homes which were falling into the hands of a ruthless enemy to be devastated by savages, whose methods of warfare blanched the cheek and froze the blood of the listener. Everywhere there was discouragement and a growing conviction that the fight for liberty was a failure. This was fostered and encouraged by the proclamations frequently published by the British generals, offering amnesty to those who would promptly submit, but threatening a vengeance very terrible to the obdurate who held out against their lawful sovereign George Third. The Americans well knew that this vengeance meant, for the Indian allies of the despotic and arrogant English Government were entrusted with its execution.

But not all patriots were discouraged. Through the "New Hampshire Grants," in the Connecticut and Merrimac Valleys; down on the coast; in the hills of Berkshire, the fire of liberty existed, and revived with a bright flame as the enemy gained victories and seemed on the point of overwhelming the little armies of Americans. But there was no money in the Treasury and the assembled farmers at Exeter sat silent and uncertain. John Langdon, a Portsmouth shop keeper arose and said "I have \$3000 in cash, my plate can be pledged for as much more. I have 70 hogheads of Tobacco rum, which can be sold for what it will bring. These are at your service. If we succeed the state can pay it back; if we fail they are of little use to me!" Courage at once revived; the militia was re-organized. John Stark was commissioned by the colony of New Hampshire, a general and given free rein to do as he willed. Orders were given to march rapidly to the Connecticut and rendezvous at Charlestown. Soon the militia were there, about 1600 of them, under Colonels Stickney, Nichols and Hobart, General Stark being the leader of the whole force. The men were rapidly drilled. Some engaged in running a solitary bullet mould night and day. One musty old cannon was found. It was quickly mounted on a pair of cart wheels, and the little army started over the hills for Bennington. If the road was too steep or lost altogether, then lusty men dragged the gun up the rugged hillsides.

Meantime the rural towns along the Housatonic were sending men to Schuyler, who having a very poor opinion of the New England soldier, late in July sent most of them home, to their disgust and disappointment. Schuyler meantime was urging Washington to send troops from his own depleted ranks whence they could ill be spared. He also ordered Stark to join him at Saratoga, but that officer, who did not hold a Continental commission, flatly refused. In his opinion, which was also that of Washington, though Stark did not know it, the course which promised most success was to hang on Burgoyne's flank and rear, attacking whenever possible, and cutting off small detachments.

Burgoyne, who on July 30th reached the Hudson and whose course it seemed impossible to stem, was in serious need of transportation. It was represented to him that the Americans had established large stores, especially of horses, at Bennington, which might easily be captured, and he resolved to send out a detachment to bring them in. Generals Phillips and Redesel, whose experience led them to believe that the Americans still possessed forces under leaders of dash and ability, and that a separate detachment would occupy a position of great peril, protested against this plan. But Burgoyne was obdurate, and only enlarged the scope and extent of the plan. His instructions to Lt. Col. Baum, the German officer who was assigned to the command of the expedition, were to proceed to Bennington, capture the stores and horses, sending them back at once, while the remainder of the force advanced to Brattleboro, thence to return through the northern part of Berkshire and rejoin the army at Albany. Baum was to be accompanied by Peters corps (this was composed of Tories and Indians) which was to scour the country and carry off all cattle, sheep and horses. It is about thirty miles from Batten Kill on the Hudson to Bennington, and Baum was expected to make the dash inside of two days.

With a force of about eight hundred, among whom were over four hundred of the finest disciplined troops in the British army, Peters corps of about one hundred and fifty men, two field pieces and a company of dismounted dragoons, who were to be mounted on the horses captured at Bennington, Baum set out, early in the morning of August 13th. If one is to judge of the armament from the huge sword, ponderous musket and brass helmet now in the Massachusetts Senate chambers, it will not appear strange that, instead of being able to make a quick dash, some of those troops were capable of standing up at all in the muddy forest through which their route lay. It has always been the tradition of the country, that every half hour or so the Hessian officers halted their men, found an open glade and then had them "right dress," to see if they remembered how to be soldiers.

The news of Baum's raid spread like wildfire and runners soon had the whole country aroused. Parson Thomas Allen of Pittsfield started with a detachment of twenty-two men at once and reached Stark on the evening of the 15th in a rain storm. Before daylight the next morning he presented a memorial to the General in which he said, "We, the people of Berkshire, have frequently been called upon to fight, but have never been led against the enemy.

We have resolved, if you do not let us fight, never to turn out again!" "Do you want to fight now?" asked Stark. "Not just this minute," replied the reverend gentleman. "Then," continued Stark, "if the Lord will give us a little sunshine and I don't give you all the fighting you want, I'll never call on you again."

When the news of Baum's advance had been communicated to Stark, he divined the plan at once. A messenger was sent to General Lincoln at Manchester to meet Stark west of Bennington, and the latter at once advanced to the west checking Baum, near Van Schaick's Mill on the Walloomscook, a small branch of the Hoosac river. As the position was not regarded by Stark as advantageous, he retired about two miles. Baum followed, but sent a messenger back to report that he was driving the American forces and to ask for reinforcements. Nightfall came and both sides rested. The British in tents, the Americans mostly on the ground, for they possessed few comforts, as well as very little of the essentials of war. Although he had about eighteen hundred men, Stark had but one rusty gun, no bayonets and was short in supplies otherwise. During the night Baum threw up some intrenchments. His position was a strong one, situated on a low hill lying within a half circle curve of the river. A bridge crossed the stream at the south. Here he posted some Canadian troops and Tories. The main body was on the hill.

In the morning Stark divided his force into three parts. Col. Stickney and Hobart with two hundred men were to attack the Tories east of the river at the bridge. Col. Herrick with three hundred men was directed to cross above the upper bend where Baum could not see them and attack from the north, while Col. Nichols with two hundred men was to follow and support Herrick. As these men passed through a corn field they pulled off the tassels and put them in their hats. This was to enable them to distinguish friends from foes, for not satisfied Americans nor Tories had uniforms. While waiting for the fire from Herrick, which was the signal for a general attack, Parson Allen of Pittsfield with other volunteers was lined up, probably in the woods or on the grass before the Tories. Feeling no doubt that among those enemies of his country were some of his neighbors and parishioners, and moved no doubt by a stern sense of duty, he suddenly leaped upon the trunk of a fallen tree and loudly called upon them to come out from among the enemies of the country or suffer the dire consequences. "There's Parson Allen! Lets pop him off!" was the answer and a shower of bullets rattled about him; fortunately none of them hit him, and jumping down with his conscience satisfied, probably, he grimly said to his brother Joseph, "Now give me the musket and you load while I fire! This meant something for he was a good shot. And so Parson Allen fired the first shot in the Battle of Bennington.

About three in the afternoon, a few minutes after the above incident, a sharp rattle of musketry was heard. Stark ordered the forward movement and the fight began. As he came out of the woods and the intrenchments lined with British soldiers in full view, he uttered his famous remark, "Soldiers! there are the red-coats! We must beat them, or else Molly Stark will be a widow tonight!" With a wild hurrah the Americans rushed up the hill in the face of a sharp fire from the British. Alone they might have been beaten, but the attack came from three sides, and Baum saw that he had been outwitted and would lose the battle.

The attack on the Tories was so hot that in a few minutes they broke and fled, leaving many dead and wounded behind. Hemmed in by the Americans, they tried to scale the hill at its steepest point and get behind the intrenchments, but the digging of the earthworks at that point had made it extremely slippery, and as they rushed up, slipping and falling, they were fully exposed to a terrible fire from the forest trained militia of the Americans. Linus Parker, afterwards a famous hunter of Pittsfield, says that even had he known that he would be shot dead the next minute, he nearly fell down with laughter to see the figures scrambling up the bluff, and then as one after another they were shot tumble over and roll down the hill. Rather gruesome fun, but we can hardly blame the patriots for bitter feeling towards the Tories.

Seeing that the battle was going against him and knowing that the Americans had no bayonets, Baum ordered a charge. His men bravely emerged from their works, but they were met by such a withering fire that they too broke and fled, a rabble rout. The Americans wildly shouted "Charge! charge!" and clubbing their muskets chased after them till the miserable remnant surrendered. Baum was mortally wounded during the charge.

The victors then scattered to pick up and save whatever of booty there was, and while in this totally disorganized condition, Col. Breyman arrived with the troops sent out by Burgoyne as reinforcements. It was impossible to recall any large body of men, and it looked for a time as if the fortunes of the day were to be reversed. But fortunately Col. Warner just then reached the field with fresh troops from Manchester and with aid of the two captured field pieces and what troops fell in behind the new men, Breyman was soon completely routed, and his men abandoned the field leaving most of their arms and ammunition, besides two guns brought with them. Had it not been that darkness came on, probably very few would have escaped. As it was, the farmers for several days captured wandering and starving refugees and brought them to Stark as prisoners. A miserable remnant of the force which so proudly marched from Burgoyne, only three days before, returned hungry, wayworn and unarmed, and were taken in by the dismayed and now disheartened British Commander.

The American loss was about thirty killed and forty wounded, while that of the British was two hundred killed, with more than seven hundred prisoners, besides unknown wounded. Stark captured four brass field pieces, nine hundred muskets, about the same number of dragoon swords, four ammunition wagons and stores, besides a large amount secured by the militia in person, which they carried off as souvenirs. The prisoners were divided in-

to small companies and located in a number of places about the country. Many of them hired out to work in the harvest fields and of these a large number settled and became good American citizens. A few, it is said, even joined the continental army and fought against the invaders.

The news of the victory rapidly spread and wonderfully revived the drooping spirits of the patriots all over the country. It gave new energy to the aims of the fighters, and finally decided the opinions of many who were uncertain which cause to espouse. In Europe the news was received with surprise and great satisfaction by the enemies of England. It was an important factor in determining the eventual course of France, and gave new energy to the opposition in Parliament, who denounced Lord North's whole policy with increasing bitterness. The battle is classed by many with Lexington, Bunker Hill, Princeton and Trenton.

To Burgoyne it was a stunning blow for he realized at once the peril of his position. In this battle and the other skirmishes which had taken place, with desertions, for the Indians took alarm at the first sign of defeat and secretly crept away, he had lost about a fifth of his entire force. Without Bennington it is doubtful whether Saratoga would have been fought and gained, and the surrender of Burgoyne which followed might not have occurred.

This account can hardly be closed better than with a few lines from a poem, if it can be so dignified, found with the papers of General Stark after his death.

Here followeth the direful fate
Of Burgoyne and his army great,
Who so proudly did display
The terrors of despotic sway.
His power and pride, and many threats,
Have been brought low by fort'nate
Gates,
To bend to the United States.

Sick and wounded, bruised and
pounded 528
Ne'er so much before confounded
They lost at Bennington's great
battle 1220
Where glorious Stark his arms did
rattle
Killed in September and October 600
Taken by brave Brown, some drunk,
some sober, 413

This is a pretty just account
Of Burgoyne's legions' whole amount.
Who came across the northern lakes
To desolate our happy States,
Their brass cannons we have got all—
Fifty-six,—both great and small;
And ten thousand stand of arms,
To prevent all future harms;
Stores and implements complete,
Of workmanship exceeding neat;
Covered wagons in great plenty,
And proper harness no way scanty.
Amongst our prisoners there are
Six generals of fame most rare;
Six members of their Parliament,
Reluctantly they seem content;
The British lords, and Lord Balcarras,
Who came our country free to harass.
Two baronets of high extraction
Were sorely wounded in the action.

Tests Patience

The Most Patient Honolulu Citizen
Must Show Annoyance at Times.
Nothing spoils a good disposition.
Nothing taxes a man's patience,
Like any itchiness of the skin.
Itching Piles almost drive you crazy.
All day it makes you miserable.
All night it keeps you awake.
Itch! Itch! Itch! with no relief.
Just the same with Eczema.
Can hardly keep from scratching it.
You would do so but you know it
makes it worse.

Such miseries are daily decreasing.
People are learning they can be cured.
Learning the merit of Doan's Ointment.

Plenty of proof that Doan's Ointment will cure Piles, Eczema or any Itchiness of the skin.
Frank Leibly of 326 S. Main st., Wilkesbarre, Pa., U. S., says: "It is with much pleasure that I testify to the merits of Doan's Ointment in cases of itching piles. I suffered from that tormenting affliction for the past year. I tried nearly everything that was recommended to me and what I saw advertised, but I could get no relief. Finally I procured Doan's Ointment. After a few applications I was much relieved, and, continuing the treatment, I was soon completely cured. I have felt no signs of that intolerable itching since, and it is four months ago since I used Doan's Ointment. To say that I was delighted is only half expressing my enthusiasm. I recommend this remedy whenever the opportunity is presented. You may publish my statement at any time and I can always be found at 326 S. Main street, and will vouch for the same."

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Medicine Square, Lillie A. 1/2

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Here is a chance to obtain just what you are looking for at prices which may never occur again.

Don't forget that this extraordinary sale will continue for a limited time only.

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